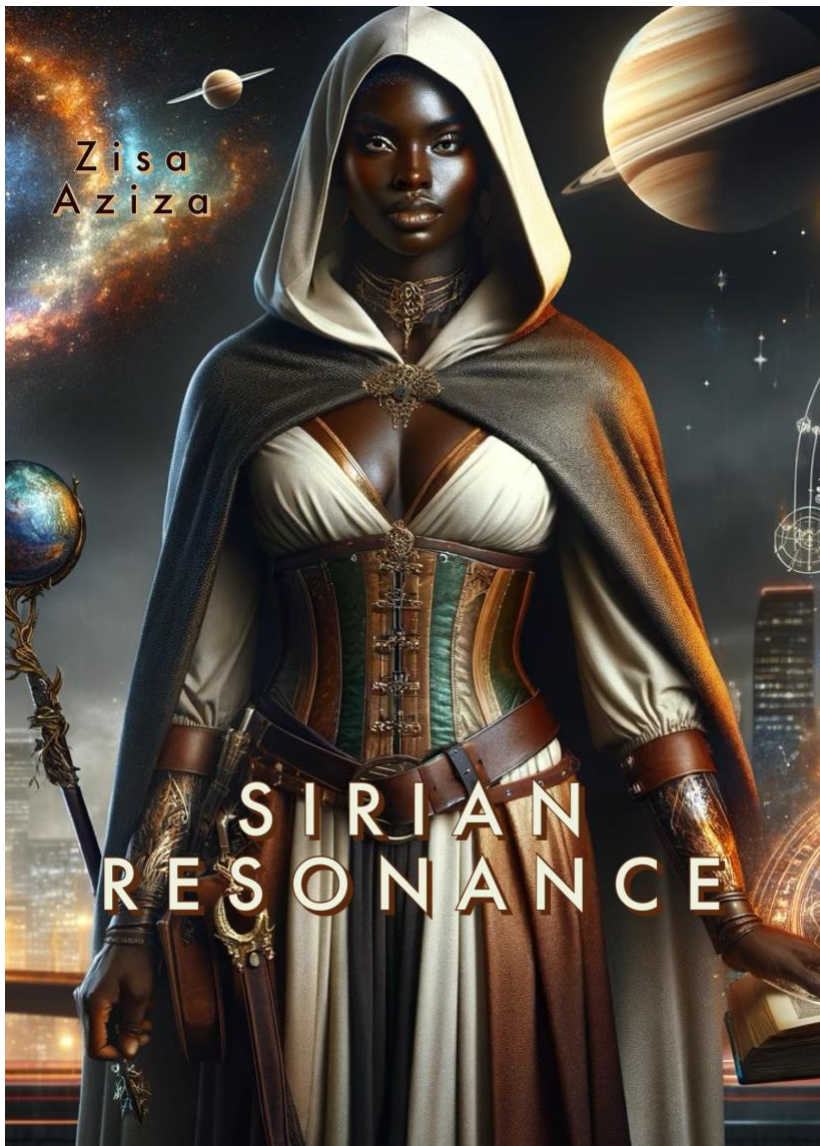
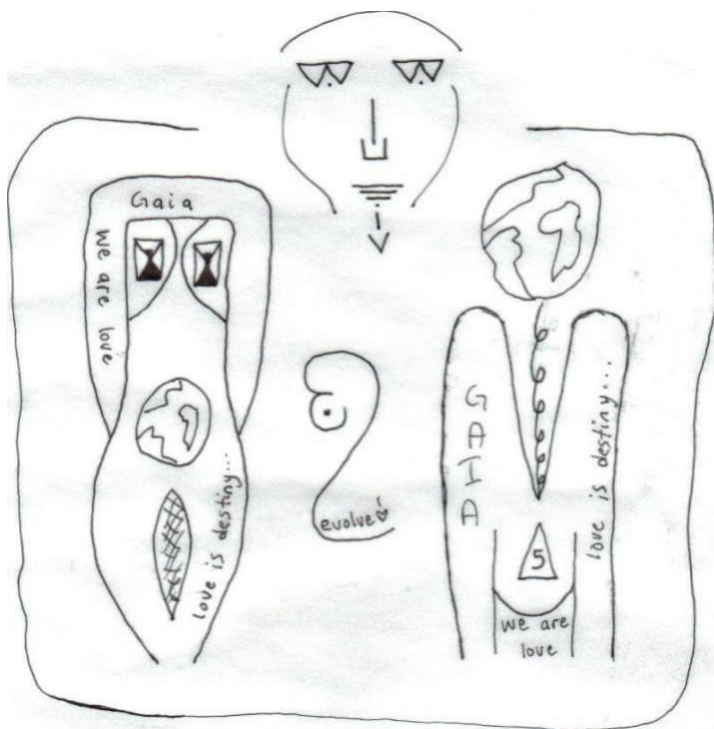




Sirian Resonance



*To my unborn,
So much is still born...*

*May you never know my portal,
and become a mere mortal.*

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Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow. once you have seen,
you can never unsee. once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence; for the submergence of one's
truth only births havoc within the self.*

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Seeding

Whether it's a desert or swamp,
My scythe will harvest this myth.

“When I surrendered my fear of death, I was bestowed an inheritance generous with a zest for impermanence; I now seek to embody a mastery of temperance—as I direct the pendulum of my earthly existence.”

Psychoneuroimmunology

Although hope is not a strategy,
it does provide an immunity against despair.

Similar to probiotics not being a panacea,
but when that microflora is healthy,
your serotonin feels like a natural analgesia.

The environment of your psyche and microbiome
informs the praxis of your spirit—
Understand that in your genetics,
self-preservation is implicit.

10 of Swords

If my belief system were the code,
in the programming structure that supports
the penal colony that guards my psyche,
in the simulation of this dimension,
I'mma have to be a computer engineer
and premiere some new software.

“Awareness without action is like sun with no breeze, it is upon you to facilitate life with ease. And although trees require photosynthesis, they, too, wither if they do not breathe.”

Sirian Resonance

My DNA ablaze,
Earth a dream haze.

Incarnation a phase,
I give praise, as I graze!

“As a budding tree, in the garden of life, I will not beg to be watered because easily are my fruits savored and devoured. Like glass, if you think you will shatter me, I will sooner cut your artery. Kindness is my armory, don’t get it twisted and become the target of spiritual archery.”

***“Do not concede possibility;
Assert your curiosity.”***

***“Spirituality is a cosmic technology that illuminates a divine
blueprint of the universal architecture crafted by God.”***

Simulation: Embodied Praxis

This flesh is an incubator for the soul
Under the solar light, I fulfill my prerequisite to enroll

Into a Galactic Order I seek to extoll;
As I intertwine my dreams and DNA,
I write upon destiny's scroll

***“I’d be a nun without a church,
before giving birth.”***

***“Ever felt like a ladybug among roaches?
When you emit truth, they scatter to avoid what broaches.”***

Elementary

Remaining stationary is counterintuitive
to that which is evolutionary.

Be propelled by spirit,
string your destiny like a violinist!

Sympathy

When your BMI is 33, and your medical assistant says,
“you look good to me.”

Like when a person loses someone,
and is asked “were you close?”
Love is a frequency one cannot diagnose.

Subjectivity

*Ain't never been in the mix.
Even when I'm in the center,
I am truly on the periphery.*

Mama said no free lunches,
But from my soul, she gobbled many a brunches!

I don't know about no peanut allergy,
But I break out into anaphylactic shock around the wrong energy!

Upon my face, the perturbation is adorned;
Self-forgiveness will make your self-pity feel scorned...

***“If you confuse a commute for a journey, your redirection may
require a gurney or an attorney. Even when the path appears
blurry, convene with your divine clergy for clarity.
And build parity with the law of polarity.”***

Magisterial

Ain't nothing fiction about my diction.
I drip sound onto my cellular record.

With my ancestors, I match the chord;
Spit vinegar with a honeyed-sword

Affluent Retreat

Supposed rejection has been reframed as a compliment, for
my aura is a scent that makes you exhibit resent.

Therefore, my spiritual security system is
repelling your interest in me.
Unabashedly, I feel divinely protected as God's honeybee.

Let me save my nectar for those who are
a complementary reflector.

Salty, but Sweet

After years of performing as an energetic contortionist,
I developed a bout of spiritual arthritis

Trust & believe, an aligned soul turns me
into a cosmological botanist;
You gon' smell these flowers, 'cause I ain't no apologist!

Lunar Lion

Wealth is more than money,
When your soul is glazed of honey

God is a comedian, she stay funny!
Even in the storm, I feel sunny...

Wisdom

With a toothpick,
I am clearing the cavity of illusion;

For conformity does not appeal
To my soul's appetite for restitution.

***“Self-neglect is a liable form of disrespect;
Like a virus, in all aspects of life, it will infect.”***

***“If I were an astronaut, I would be averse to the damage
of my suit, as my existence above the stratosphere would
be determined by the functionality of my gear. As with this
physical encasement, it provides form to my immateriality,
which grants me a corporeal season
in the endless stream of immortality.”***

The Company You Keep

*People and the mind's thought,
Wrought, yet fraught —seemingly distraught?*

Because my peace is sacred,
My energetic diet is on a reset

My cravings for drama have faded
As I dispense the clutter, I recognize debt

Clearing out my auric palate
Joy's abundance had been absent

Psychic parasites—the matrix and its rites!
Curiosity ignites, while the Divine Slayer incites

Toil

Skin is the fabric of my soul,
The uniform I wear for my earthly toll

As I make my passage through the arc of light,
Transcending dimensions, as a high-frequency satellite

*“I keep my home clean, as though God herself
were coming over for tea.
After all, she lives within me.”*

Dreamscape: 6 of Cups

**Seeded by a pair of narcs
In the womb, I fought with sharks**

**When neglect is the architect,
Your foundation is an insecure dialect**

*In last night's dream, I met a child named Orla
Her visit had me pick up my Torah*

As we rode the elevator, I knew she was a divine conciliator:
Orla, a little brown girl, who remarked on my tattoo

"I dare you to love me," these words, without seeing, she knew
She was alone, and chaos was overgrown

I carried her like my own child,
Her safety was my throne

When I found her mother, Orla had gone to the restroom
I went looking for her, and every child wore the face of my heirloom

Never did I find her, because I am she.

Quelled

I am not polarized by skin, but by cell!
What is the information encoded in your vibration?

Frequency sought must be aligned and parallel.
Because evil shapeshifts to elude its undesired quell!

Declaratory Manifestation

You are both phenomenal and primordial;
Originating from a dimension immemorial

Your tears reflect the condensation of rivers;
With ethereal scissors you uncut energetic fissures

Prudent

Just because it sound good, don't mean it gon' feel good!
Just because it smell good, don't mean it gon' taste good!

I've met both saints and demons in the hood;
We collectively watch both coexist in Hollywood.

Lest I not be misunderstood—
Spiritual Hygiene facilitates a safe neighborhood!

Because I am no one's cottonwood:

May the flame of whichever god you serve,
Not feed off the fire of my maidenhood.

Gaper

Although you stand erect, I feel your soul slouch.
Is this truth I detect? Who has caused your heart to crouch?

If there are wrinkles in the stream between your heart
and soul, with the iron of the divine,
I urge you to straighten the creases,
as you redeem your esteem.

Universe of Discourse

When you are appointed by God,
who chose you as the anointed
Earthly embodiment is a cosmic appointment
for your spiritual employment

As you labor on the dock of darkness,
You must secure the buoyancy of your soul and be dauntless

Sentience, akin to empathy,
is not equally dispersed in the population
Allow your observation to yield a revelation
that guides you towards salvation

You are a Phoenix who must burn in order to rise
Shedding the illusion is a trinket of a prize

However, the germination of your spirit will be fertilized
And as a Starseed, among Galactic beings,
you will be canonized

Lady in a Dress

Fermenting in my skin,
The oak barrel of my soul

Forgive me if I drip,
For I am God's kin

Underway

The river, I shall cross,
To land I summon to fathom

Neither my bridge, nor canoe
Will be shared with you

As I intend to settle in my sanctum,
And cast you into a frivolous phantom

Congenial Sentience

Jobs are like shoes we wear
In life, things shift and the material can tear

When the fit is no longer complementary
To your journey, with grace seek that which is expansionary

Phlegmatic

In the womb, I knew I wasn't safe
Bloomed into a sullen waif

I felt too much too soon
Earth is a hostile goon

Known many a coon
Life is a surreal cartoon

When you pray melanin
To be medicine, but seldom is it genuine

To be incarnated is to be incarcerated
By the nature of one's flesh and cells, we are attenuated

As if memory were a holy book,
I'm ripping my tongue in Sumerian

I am a fish deep in the sea
Spirit, Imma need you to get that hook at me

Fight or flight, evil is a fake bright
I'll be polite, and with delight

I'll smite the parasite of its appetite

“As the author of the thoughts that transcribe your perception, I am disinterested in editing your lack of accountability and categorization of my boundaries as difficult. I assure you, being disliked, for me, is not an insult. However, playing in my face gon’ leave you the butt of your own joke, when stupid and simple be the same folk.”

“If the pilot cannot distinguish clear skies from a funnel cloud, he may conflate latitude for altitude. No matter how sweet the platitude, I will not be boarding this flight, for I have divine foresight.”

“I will neither water cement, nor seed clouds; in my discontent, I will dissent the madness of our collective descent.”

Patient is the Wrath of a Levee

Mars and Venus went direct,
As memories flooded my intellect

*Blood to ashes
Darkness amasses*

*To Jane, the stepmother
Who suckled the pain she caused me to suffer:*

When we wake up—Imma rock your shit!
In the ether, I will drag you like a 2-cent hoe
Bitch, the Wahala I'm stewing, in hell you gon' eat snow

*To the hustler with no code of ethic, Godwin—
you are a septic relic:*

Crack-dealing sociopath, serial rapist, with literal shit stains!
I do hope you rode high upon your earthly reigns?
For you have summoned an evil in me, that the almighty ordains

*And to the wombearer, who polluted my soul,
With many scoops of wickedness, she loved to cajole:*

We could've broke free together, but you fancy parole
Emphatically, you voided the soul contract...
As you sought to groom me to be a doormat—do await your forecast!

For each of you:

*I'll gather my blood in a cauldron,
And entice a visit from the watchmen*

*After all, when the light is too bright,
Parasites revel in others' plight*

Cogitation

I have known demons who had crystals for teeth
And wore glitter for spiritualism as their wreath
But my wisdom is too sharp for the conniving sheath

The Night Nears

To clone
Is to own

Without consent —
I lament and resent!

Seeds, DNA, essence
Humans, in a state of obsolescence

Under the firmament
The aura is turbulent

This parasite is insidious and septic
For the future, consider me a skeptic

Endow

I was an undercooked boiled egg
My shell cracked too soon
Low heat for seven years
Neither immune or adequately attune
Had to reenter the cocoon

Sped up, had to wait for my platoon
Been paying off energetic arrears
Wrote five books, they my soul's souvenirs
Spirit got me smirking with a sneer
I'm ready for this season of destiny's premiere

*May she who persevere
Reap what no entity dare interfere*

Shrug, Too Smug

Does a pig tell its butcher to bear more humility? Does a sex worker expect her John to value her humanity? Does an indebted post-colonial nation seek to convince the International Monetary Fund that the loans invalidate their sovereignty, and wait for political compassion?

Then why would a doctor care about the side effects to medications that could easily be supplemented with herbs and medicinal nutrition? Like when your doctor says you're dealing with internalized fatphobia as your psychiatric medications push you towards 300lbs.

They so woke they sleep walking, gaslighting you,
and smiling in your face.

The trifecta is Oscar worthy.

But it's all in your head. Don't dread the bread, very slowly,
the system waits for you to become dead.

Mind, Soul & Flesh...

We are collectively caught in a demented psychic mesh.

If your thoughts are a browser,
Abeg, click refresh!

Radial Apothegm

*With my spiritual loom, I weave dreams like a wool sack
made of all the wombs that bore my womb, and interlace the
threads of destiny with majesty.*

I rebuke the compulsion to make a parody
of my earthly tenancy.

When you are your own child, what is a pregnancy?

My soul is a mother's recipe,
when all that was served was born of enmity.

*I savor my daily feast
Because I became the priest
Who conquered the beast.*

Homily: 777

Adapt or die!
Where's the lie?

Crawl or fly?
Unknot ya soul tie!

Discover your marrow's rings
Unravel your wings

There is wisdom in every cell
We are living pastel

For whom the God's foretell
In your speech, govern your spell

Whip your tongue upon the sky
Listen for the thunder no man will defy

Your angels sprinkle divine confetti
For you are both regal and zesty

Goddess, you are your own fairy in this tale
Decoding spiritual braille, leave a trail

The truth you shall not curtail
Thine own shadow, one must assail

Ceteris Paribus

You conflated a flicker for my concession?

*Although capitalism entices evil as a profession,
hell is in the midst of a recession!*

I merely took a breath to gather my peace
for a devout intercession.

You make me cackle!

*Although I cannot refute the ponderosity of earth's
demonic shackle, you cannot fathom
the rays of light within God's tabernacle.*

Behold, the spectrum of divinity
remains beyond your tackle.

Pageant Charade

Stockholm Syndrome has an allegiance
to intergenerational trauma

Propaganda and daily psyops is modern-day political drama

Erasing history?
Turn truth into a mystery!

Playing in my face?
My humor got a tart taste

You goofy!
This a galactic movie...

We playing tennis and you keep moving the net
I am a reserve sniper, no longer a cadet

Then you wanna gaslight and act fret!?
Overriding the programming

You could charge my grave
But it's my soul you seek to enslave

Assurgent

*After realizing that you made a habit of fumbling yourself,
you mock God by mumbling a prayer to thyself:*

Lord, I am your favorite child! As such, I am committed to
self-correction for it is you I seek to beguile.

In my soul, the magic you have bestowed,
the world taught me to revile.

Consider me born again, for I know the workings of the
spiritual conmen. Indeed, I have risen— Amen!

*‘A leaf headed to heaven;
True is the holy procession’*

Farewell

I implore you to not craft me into a villain in your story. But if you must, please know that when seasons fade, we mustn't become full of jade. Together, we planted seeds with intention, and shared the bounty of our harvest. But in our rapport, I began to experience a vibrational shortage. For there was deep love that could no longer sprout between us. Like stems on a branch, I had to migrate trees. I trust that you will be safe, no matter how turbulent you may find the seas. And as I paddle towards a greater truth and resonance with the divine, I am glad that you and I were once of the same vine.

“The internal dystopian complex supersedes yet complements the ruins our hegemonic system breeds; while collective gaslighting precedes our resistance to accept that which heeds.”

Glitching...

It's rather myopic for an individual to steadily climb into a
burning tower. You'd be best suited learning to swim with
the sharks, your soul you must scour and not deflower.
Within you, light the spark and become the ark.



Women craving swamp
I never made it in the wetlands
Imma have to trespass, got rerouted by my compass
Declining with reluctance, the dullness is no longer lustrous
Turned me into a spiritual archaeologist
Looking for the healthiest wand
Upon destiny, I paid a bond

Self-inquiry: Ancestral curse necessitated birth control. My
vulva, spirit had to patrol! Did all them sick niggas, an
antigen, in proximity to my child-body force the production
of love's antibody? Did they embody a spiritual virus, has
the womb of my psyche gestated a retrovirus?



When the psychiatrist roofies you with an antipsychotic,
ensuring your social compliance and docility:

I am spitting out a delusion of tranquility
Adjusting the degrees of my malleability
And redetermining the boundaries of my negotiability

There's an encoded entropy embedded within
hegemony Call it heresy, but there ain't no clemency
for an otherworldly supremacy

Their secret invasion is guided by a demonic persuasion
The simulation ain't malfunctioning,
deviance is their vocation

Confabulation

I can't even front
Been underground
Gon' full circle
Wisdom is round

Liberalism is a sphere
On a rotation, can't no logic steer
If we sincere and seek to persevere
There's an air of grandiosity about being queer

Feels like a cheap veneer
A bootleg souvenir
Why I feel like my truth is sought to shear
Got my skin looking raw for the sear
With all of trauma's gear
I'm laying down my spear

I been clearing my vision
Healing my psyche's incision

I've given medicine to so many parts me
Embodied in the essence of those who share an aspect of me

I have found sharp edges in shallow connections
To identity commodification, respectfully,
I announce my defection

Because matching pain or illusion has imperfections and
infections that misguide direction

It's hard to admit, that being black,
And being confused about the time of the clock
Makes it hard to decipher if my anger is a flock
That is manipulated for me to submit
To an agenda that deems me unfit

Upon the racial hierarchy of capitalism,
I waver between spiritual cannibalism and Afropessimism
But being a wombman, who loves the essence of a healthy soul,
I don't believe in fatalism
My divine metabolism craves deep deliberation
with nuance and multiplicity
Because authenticity flourishes in interactivity
and is rooted in reflexivity

It's the nonlinearity of truth and how easily it becomes displaced
In group dynamics, where there seems to be an
impulse to erase the complexity
Of existing within the structure of a pyramid scheme, to survive,
that we collectively repulse

We each hold a fragment of the key to the next person's chains,
but we must desire to become free, because when the sky rains,
it nourishes all terrains.

Glib

If your five senses are the sole basis for your frame of reference, is it possible that the beliefs to which you subscribe are a preference?

Because reality is relative, only facts that comfort your worldview can be decorative.

I wonder how sensitive the psyche is to a continuous sedative of prescribed idiocratic normalcy, virtue signaling, and psychospiritual dormancy?

I'd giggle, if I could spare my soul the wrinkle...

Farsighted Insight

Lights - Camera - Action

Name your faction...

This is fact or fiction?
Between our auras, I sense friction

You treated me like a neighbor,
I loved you like a sister —there's nothing to belabor

In retrospect, I let you ride my astral clit
Upon you I projected light,
to learn the reflection was counterfeit

I'm twirling my phantom locs, dissecting the psyop
For the truth I don't go to my pop or a cop, they all a flop

This mass formation psychosis ain't no hypothesis

When did we observe a prevalence,
and correlative, of myocarditis
I have suddenly recalled the metamorphosis
of my medical confidence

I thought trust was an onion you peel
Perhaps a nut, made of steel

When your circle is so educated they become gullible
There's a psychic dysfunction that is nonrefundable

Perception is as distinct as a scent or hue
Many of us miss the cue

The Quiet Part Out loud

If I turned on the TV tomorrow,
And the Zombie Apocalypse was coming soon

Bitch, I would sooner climb the moon before I let my vein
be injected like a buffoon!
Consider me the happiest loon!

If Bill Gates believes we can handle
overpopulation with vaccines,
Imma just eat my organic greens and beans
and protect my muthafucking genes...

If the cells ain't healthy, you can't sell me wealthy fantasies.
I peep the fallacies and conspiratorial strategies.

Clocked Out

Trauma breeds a certain type of intelligence:
It can be demonic, cosmic, logic, or psychic

With the prevalence of negligence,
Parental and spiritual, peace feels perilous

Fate is pendulous, time tenuous
I lean with a glare of credulous

When reality becomes a collective delusion,
Although truth is welcoming, it does not preach inclusion

If you cannot discern propaganda, or seek to learn
Liberation is not for you to yearn

If white liberalism is your mandate
Castrate your psyche, invite your soul to stagnate

In the '90's, I was in the hood, misunderstanding nationhood
Listening to my grandma's stories about cottonwood

In the same '90's, I was in Lagos,
praying to not be defiled by those
Who look like me, fetching water because
hell is a vibration that stay thirsty

From suburbia to the ivory tower, I compulsively questioned
Who the fuck keep copping my power

From the psych ward to the shelter, I realized earth is a prison
A gateway through which your soul will sink or be risen

I am not going to play house in a dimension
where I know I am at war
That's like planning a picnic at the ocean's sea floor

Haldol had me on a seven-year timeout
YES—I'm waking up from a whiteout!!

Back up, back up—this ain't no tryout!

I'm about to somersault on this 3D trestle Spirit—
hold my hand as I nestle,
and prepare to alchemically wrestle

I'm not talking thumbs, this ain't the sum of bums

If we in the matrix, let's get jiggy
This climax won't be a quickie

Sirian Ringing Destiny

As a Disciple of a lost temple and broken lineage,
Spirit is generous with the most gracious acts of patronage

I am a researcher in a timeline that is a living archive;
Through perception, I collage my poetics and conjure to survive

All warriors do not enlist in the military;
We standby and await the call of the divine paramilitary

With GMOs, PFAS, big pharma dosed water supply, social
engineering, and gain of function disease creation, essentially,
environmental and genetic terrorism

My avatar is squatting on an intergalactic mountain, staring
through my pineal gland, sharpening her sword, preparing to slice
and dice necrotic barbarism

When the dimensions become as porous as a waterfall,
she will slide into the seat of my merkabah,
I welcome her insertion through the kundalini rising
of each individual 33 vertebra

Because time is a flipping coin,
to which you have already claimed victory,
There's a tickle in the witchery of celestial synergy...

Reset

Paris is burning!

Neocolonialist and Globalist,
the world they are churning

This engineered transition
feeds my learning

In meditation,
I await those who are returning

Over the Prairie

The dome is a temporary home

Where we become skilled in spiritualization,
Undergoing ideological subversion and demoralization

No matter how dark the night,
My lungs are swords, and I am a Sirian Knight

With the elevation of frequency, I fight;
I sharpen my vision, and delight in sight

No Sale; No Harvest

I got gold pulsing through my veins.

On the black market, for a gram of me, fiat money is cheap
grains, rather inadequate for such enriched domains.

So if you see me clutching my skin,...

I am channeling spells to protect my organs.
On my face is a death grin, because my melanin
denounces biocellular bargains.

As a divine carbon woman, I am not your medicine.

Come for me, I'll be your last demonic sin!

God's Child

Deja Vu are landmarks along God's path.
Synchronicities master a precision as wise as math.

I don't recognize who my parents are, a blessing in the wild.
But unequivocally, I am God's Child.

Their transactional copulation provided a star-gate
For my earthly destination.

There are flavors of God's feast wrapped around my teeth.
In this density, I honor the divine and declare
I am worthy to bequeath.

Terraform

Spiritual genocide,
Self-sacrifice

Elevation, I abide;
Grace, will suffice

Asymmetric

The indefinite and perpetual dry fast
Will be worth the taste of distilled tears of divine
joy. Uncertainty is a preordained ploy;
For your strength to either destroy or employ.
The grand design is covert,
And you are the decoy!

***“I have no inclination of climbing a ladder;
I have every intention of building a raft.”***

Filtration

When dehydration is familiar,
And to your well, you chose not to be the digger

Among the salty water of others, you became a polluted river

Although the path was a braided channel
You flowed in dynamics, you knew best to annul

Tech

Nanotechnology embedded in the food
Suspicious meat messing with my mood

Orange skies got me feeling blue
Earth is an incorporated lab, sad yet true

***“My cup will always have enough water to hydrate my
soul! And even when I am shattered,
I am divinely whole.”***

Evolverment

Although self-pity is a stage in the phase of evolution,
Don't spend too many days under past rays.

That bright sun invites you to shine—
Be the grape who became wine.

And despite the many who will seek inebriation,
Your fermentation disavows regressive desaturation.

***“Your psyche is the plantation, and the slave master
is your conditioned socialization.”***

Plantation Legacy

“Black body,” whiteness tricking
Mixed race, my sister, I embrace!

But your white supremacy
My blackness, it seeks to displace

Delighted to be Invited

If the package don't make sense,
I will sit in suspense and burn incense

Although I may like the contents,
And suspect resonance, my spiritual radar, it torments

Please provide context...
Before inserting me into a nonconsensual vortex

Frankly, I love to swirl;
But don't jinx my pearl!

Audit

I forgive myself for lacking the self-discipline to constrain the waterfall rushing through my soul. Incidentally, I have hydrated demineralized soil, and resent its failure to bear seeds. But my anguish is precipitated
by my own unintentional deeds.

Whether osmosis, or diffusion, in my seclusion I will perform a thorough autopsy upon the illusion that perpetuates my disillusion.

Lodestar

Barefoot, I am summoned
Into the lake

Where my soul's bath,
I shall undertake

Like dead leaves,
In this season, I seek to rake

Off my skin,
I rinse that which is prone to break

Like a baptism,
I pray to awake

Fusion

My yoni is between my eyebrows!
Before a tasting, my soul you must browse

Although I don't demand your premature vows,
Only a mutual majesty can I espouse:

Cosmic precision, we shall arouse

Mourning

Like a storm, I wrung the clouds
And let the sorrow drip

Upon the rainbow of my chakras,
With grace, I skip

For loss and death,
With ease, I grip

Albeit

When the scapegoat becomes a black sheep,
how somber the weep.

When evil sharpens your wings, you pierce the sky and to
the divine your destiny clings.

When you thrash in the waters of your sunken soul,
in stillness, you remember this is how you become whole.

Predecessor

Upon my head, I carry a bucket
With water made of tears

For I have been karma's puppet
And this is the last of many flares

To the river, I am headed
Knee-deep, to sever all cords

The spiritual rivalry that was threaded,
I have shredded with my venustic swords

I blow a kiss into the reflection of the stream
'The pain you sought to prickle,
will only manifest my dream'

***“I seethe with rage for the neglected child in me,
as I pray for the elder, I am to be.”***

Tinkered

The snow globe is an animated cesspool,
Where prey and predator wear the same skin

If there is light, in duality, evil is its kin

Lineage

I am a seed watered by rain,
Wary is my home's terrain

Sadness is a familiar refrain

And although I relent upon time's stain,
I grieve the slivers of self that have been slain

Rhetorical

‘From the fountain of your wisdom, I’d graciously drink.’

Are words I’d utter to a beloved mentor,
the one in my imagination, when I’m on the brink.

If climate change can turn the tropics into a desert, how does one become breastfed with love three decades into their earthly stay? Relational and developmental trauma lingers in ways I cannot decipher with a pen between my fingers. Similar to a transplanted organ which requires the recipient to take a daily medication, if love were a nutrient, I’d require a transfusion as frequently as one needs dialysis.

I marvel at both sides of the coin, one of emotional
paralysis, the other psychoanalysis.

Jocular Jest

Folk think because they bought degrees,
They got more sense than barren trees?

Just because the pastor is ordained,
Don't mean he got better reception with the divine—
He just better entertained!

Ever met a cook without a kitchen,
A rootworker without medicine,
A farmer without soil?

I watch how the ego broils,
In a pot where the soul spoils.

They say the meek gon' inherit the earth,
I sit and savor how Mami Wata exclaims her mirth.

Levity

I'm living a cosmic skit,
And can't seem to locate the punchline.

Some riddles can only be mapped in your bloodline.
I pray at dream's shrine to guide me as I trail destiny's vine

Epiphany

After the serpent sheds its skin,
and returns to the soil it once slithered,

The sediments that formerly tickled its spine,
now induce antipathy.

Not benign, rather divine,
time to glide and realign!

Tender Glance

When I look into the mirror, I witness my spiritual elders,
gracing me with their attention. They have found a sofa
within my heart, where their essence is settled, and we are
entranced in an emphatic parley. They speak to my soul in a
language that bears the light of lilac. They transmit a
cadence that soothes my mind's turbulent seas
like rocking does a baby.

"The planetary frequency is a music to which our divine dance ought to be in sync for ascendance. May your soul beat in the rhythms suited for your transcendence."

"If the colony is a site of extraction, deprived of resources to sustain its contraction, gentrification is a pseudo imperialist innovation, which facilitates domestic racialized inflation and legalized displacement as a New Jim Crowism in this Anocratic nation."

Inscription

This is not a test. Do get your required rest!
Because this simulation is a cosmic contest.

You are a biological machine. And earth is your galactic
riverine. From the waters of your imagination, complete
your evolutionary installation and
defy the impulse for sedation.

Every solar rotation greatens your proximity to salvation.
Within the psychic illusion, be a perfusion of a divine
transfusion, intent upon the overthrow of
your dimensional confusion.

May your venustic revolution grant you spiritual absolution.

Divine Favor

I'm a honeycomb,
out of sight;

Cloaked by destiny,
my nectar is the light.

***“The duration of my earthly breath is but a flash of light
under an eternal ray of sight.”***

Inquest

There are societal problems that mimic broken code. In the computer framework of reality, there are equations that are insolvable. Not because scarcity is a governing force. But because exploitation and capitalism are wedded until death.

The mutations of revolution are cheap transformation that codify and pacify. But the ship that is earth seems bereft. As she reluctantly capsizes, in accordance with her evolution, she surrenders life to its own spiritual transcendence and divine resolution.

Demon Troll

With my spirit eye,
I untie a lie

‘I’m better than butter.
Bitch, go die in a gutter!’

Bird of a single feather,
Only to the sky do I tether

“The ecology of our collective psychobiology is chronically inflamed, while social isolation renders the human spirit profoundly maimed. We are a dysregulated society in need of a cultural detoxification and capitalist sobriety.”

“Data is what happened to you, while information is who you became. May your heart and psyche be a tool of transliteration, as you seek to achieve your spiritual actualization.”

“In the university of life, I skipped calculus, failed statistics, but I was born with a mastery for spiritual logistics; A poetic mystic, who fashions linguistics as devotional ballistics.”

Indigestion

Only cheap wine don't taste it's age
Whenever musty and sour, Imma disengage

If socializing were a trip to the grocery,
Folk labels and camouflage feels like sorcery

Among elders, I have found pride with unseasoned wisdom
Got me questioning my appetite, and its magnetism

Like a flower, both bees and flies, you will attract
Although flattered, don't mean you should interact

Dissonance

If the empire were a helium plane in the sky, we are losing altitude rapidly. We shall become familiar with many a fallacy; for we are without inflatable seats. I employ you to resist the urge to find retreat in the propaganda that manufactures receipts of deception, because your confidence is a socially engineered perception.

***“If medicine is business, and care is the commodity,
actualized health impedes the profitability of morbidity.”***

Imploration

Time shapeshifts in my mind;
the human race has a fate that is entwined.

Harm is not confined in a vacuum,
for energy is transferable and undefined.

We are scales balancing the spectrum
between light and dark.

It would behoove our species to tame the inner shark,
who craves the scent of blood.

Because there are cemeteries that are manicured
for our spiritual flood.

Eye Slit

Every time I outsource my power,
I fall out of a burning tower

Hitting the reality of the defiant gravel,
Until my spiritual autonomy begins to unravel

Psychiatry

To treat my mind,
and inflict disease upon my body

Is akin to quenching the sun,
and expecting earthly life to embody

Learned People

I can't part my hair because I'm bald,
But I still feel like I got knots in every strand.

It seems people are committed to contraction,
Which ruffles my instinct to expand.

You woulda thought a ghost was telling me how best
to take care of my animated flesh,
that itself had long been evicted from.

No shade, but you can't even eat your own breadcrumb...

In truth, it was just my doctor telling me to get
the 8th novel vaccine!
You see, I been sober off caffeine,
so I'm more sensitive to the obscene.

If two thoughts can connect, and spark a notion,
Do thirsty people feel ashy, and look for lotion?

I feel like a lotta folks are asleep at the wheel of life,
And this creates traffic to which we all endure the rife.

Imma walk this out—
Because with all this rain,
Folk still choose the drought!

Anchoring

A fisherman guts, and a farmer seeds.

While the soldier annihilates, the professor indoctrinates, and the doctor placates, they are incentivized by capitalism to be complicit in the enactment and perpetuation of oppression, and enticed submission to hegemonic systems of control and domination.

You know, harm is merely an impersonal business write-off.
After all, we are all feeding from a slave trough.

Asservation

I was certain I had a hex on on my neck,
But to my self-narrative I performed a spellcheck

That which you seek to sedate
Makes you an eager bait

To your inner child, rock her awake
Her pained slumber, you must break

The seesaw didn't go nowhere
She can play freely, with a flair for self-care

When folk insist that you shrink to be small,
Let them crawl, and with they own self, they can brawl

No more matching energy—infinity and beyond
Your self-monologue is your WAND

May your mind's tongue cast
An abundance of bliss unparalleled and vast

“Black women live and die with chronic health issues because the medical industrial complex encourages self-neglect, by literally incentivizing it through mechanisms of misogynoir and dehumanization. As I twiddle my fingers, and rage at the bodily pain that necessitates that I engage with the MIC, I am saddled with grief as distinct as atmospheric rivers. Nonetheless, I’ll tow and row this boat of a skin vessel towards salvation.”

“For those of us who embody the intersecting identities that society chooses to marginalize, sorrow and despondency become the riverbed within, where we learn how not to sink into our quiet cries —because there is no search party enlisted for our missing souls.”

Emotional Servitude

Take: One

Educating your spiritual assailant while mammified to console their internal grievance with accountability. This exchange is replicated along racial, gender, class, sexual and transnational dynamics. Because the threat of violence is not theoretical but manifold and material.

Take: Two

Niceness degrades trust
Because words that are powdered in perfume

Are void of truth and begin to disgust
Like a failed charismatic intent to groom

When the real lack of concern is apparent
Forced politeness becomes aberrant

***“I have been placing temporal bandages upon
spiritual injuries and misinterpreting
my cosmic mysteries.***

***As I peel this self-discovery,
I am inebriated by sipping from divine distilleries.”***

Remarkable

Forgiveness is a cloud I float upon,
As I resist the urge to fawn

No longer fate's pawn,
For I bear the view of a new dawn

Wardrobe

I'm switching the camouflage of my shadow!

I reckon, the past has met its plateau.
Shame seems to be the source of spiritual vertigo.

Overthinking permits mental cobwebs to overgrow.
With radical acceptance, I shall mow!

Reframing and validating the dark,
I'm choosing my afterglow.
Because the divine gave me the key to my crypto escrow.

Therefore, I will embody the golden ratio.

Mitochondria

I'm Trans, Mhmm...

Hell Yeah! **Transdimensional, Muthafucker!!!**

Pronouns CAN be Them/ They,
I'm a living Trinity, together I slay.

Light enters through the wound,
Where the blood drips from being harpooned.

In this multidimensional simulation,
I am a runaway slave on a voodoo plantation.

As an interstellar diplomat,
I evince as a moralistic aristocrat.

Born onto an active battlefield,
Unsealed, was my shield!

Within the flesh of my abode,
I am seemingly on incognito mode.

Skillfully, The Lord has placed me into protective custody;
That mountain goat don't need no clutter to accompany.

On the monthly, my ovaries shed,
God's gift may smell like lead.

But it is embodied gold—
Remember that if you think my words are bold.

Because this world makes a wound out of a portal,
To deny the bearer of a womb that she is immortal!

Mid-Life Review

Observation:

Like a barren woman who finds her calling as a midwife.
To be a communal doula to birthing women.
Despite her own womb's inability to conceive life.

Similarly:

I have had dalliances with lesbians and queers, and too many
exploratory converts. As though I can dribble the ball, but god forbid
I make a shot that reaches the net and scores in the game of love.
Instead, I've been a lesbian doula. A love avoidant whose heart is
scarred, yet the pulse hungers. Who loves the idea of connection,
but only the facade sprouts.

However:

And yet, like a barren doula who becomes divinely inseminated and
rejoices over her own need for a doula. I sense this desire to sit in the
fire of unabated yearning, choosing not to mislabel, misattune,
self-neglect, or deny its fulfillment.

Perhaps:

Maybe, I too can know love and not be a chaperone of queerness.
But live in its embodiment. Carry the frequency of the love
I pray for. And live to know that love.

Drinking Kool-Aid

Spirit, let me fulfill my mission,
I ain't tethered to this dimension

The World Warfare is getting hot
Industrial accidents feeling fraught

I daydream about a future asylum...

Spectator of societal decay and daily terrorism
I believe in nationalistic atheism

I's a patriot of liberation!
Draw me a home, fuck the nation

The Empire has been a manic psychopath
Like an unhinged shooter letting loose its wrath

A global bully with a personality disorder
Like a narcissist trying to feed but resistance make it harder

China and Russia, the new gang on the block!
BRICS gon' make that dollar feel an aftershock!

Earth is a Galactic Ghetto;
No matter how you wear your red bottom stiletto

*I'm going barefoot
Exhaling this soot
Minding my mind
Unblinding my eye
In death, I'll testify*

My AmeriKKKa

We are a colony of capitalist exploitation
Indebted citizens of a democratized nation

Currently, we are experiencing a life standard demotion
Controlled demolition provides subtle commotion

The Ponzi scheme that is our economic system
Is fond of mutation and the cultivation of a new ecosystem

How history repeats itself with new structures
While the nation-state sinks along with its infrastructures

Spiral

You can't appreciate the abyss,
Until you taste the expanse.

Your soul a tongue,
Upon which awe dissolves.

Despair resolves,
And joy evolves.

Chronic Pain

I am not my body, but I do live in her.

She is a vehicle that grants me access to this dimension.

She is an environment that allows for the
habitation of my soul.

The body keeps the score, and in my blood,
my cells shed war.

I am neutral to the process of homeostasis.
I indulge homeopathy and am faithfully hopeful,
but not delusional.

Whatever this body needs to heal,
I will facilitate her access.

I love this body, for she has protected me
when I didn't know I was at harm.

I forgive her for fighting so long.
And I thank her because the body knows best.

Accession

Not letting another person's wind
Rock my sail

Assumed ability to care—I rescind;
I exhale, and maintain the harmony from which I hail

Maritime

Every interaction necessitates attention, but it does not
promise connection. My soul's intention is to cast off
the stalk of isolation. I reject the mirror's reflection of
desolation. How eager I am to paddle the shores of time
with those who also straddle dimensions
and defy hegemony's paradigm.

Apocalypse

I don' ran and hid, now I make believe and pretend.
Nazi Germany ain't got nothing on
our impending global emergency.

The light is fracturing, as darkness advances!
Observing the precarity of our collective circumstances —
I'll take my chances!

Upon my tongue, I braid prayers woven by my dreams.
May protection be the raft by which
I traverse these streams!

Night Owling

I believe that when I no longer seek to be seen, I will be in
the line of sight. You see, in the darkness
you become your own light.

(To whomever) You are not privy to the fruit of the seed
you disregarded. Because when my soul was unguarded,
and misery was hoarded, you thought my joy
would never be rewarded.

I know too well that insanity and spirituality are twins of a
different temperament. Through the shadows of my own
psyche, I became an emigrant. The journey has been both
benign and malevolent. From regions that were desolate, I
crafted wisdom that dares to be elegant.

And quite honestly, I am wary of a person
who cannot give a compliment.
I find this to be prevalent.

Satellite stay lit...

Sirius, I transmit.

